

## WE HAVE THEM.

Extra long and short  
Underwear, good  
quality.

GARDINER &amp; BAXTER.

## NOT IN HIS CREED

Tar and Feathers for the  
"Chosen Seven."

## WOULD SACRIFICE HIS BABE

A Religious at Coloma that Emu-  
lates Howling Derivatives and  
Other Rabid Fanatics.

HARRISON, Dec. 25.—A new religious  
sect called the "Chosen Seven" are  
making things lively at Coloma. They  
are an off-shoot of the Free Methodist  
church, and are more familiarly known  
as the "Carters" from their leader,  
a semi-crazed religious crank by the  
name of Thurston Carter, a man about  
40 years old, who has succeeded in get-  
ting some twelve or fifteen people  
under his influence.

There does not seem to be anything  
particularly new or original in their  
beliefs, and their observances consist  
chiefly in making a large amount of  
noise and doing such eccentric acts as  
will give them notoriety. Some of them  
rending their clothes and tearing their  
hair from their heads, and other fran-  
tic performances.

One woman made a bonfire of her  
new organ, another demolished the  
top of her carriage to let in sunlight.  
Not long ago it is said that Carter  
declared that he was inspired to sacrifice  
his child, an infant in the cradle, and  
seizing a butcher knife he made a  
vicious dash at the cradle and was  
only prevented from carrying out his  
insane notion by the frantic efforts of  
his wife.

They have made themselves ob-  
noxious to the community that some-  
times for taking radical measures to  
abate the nuisance. A few days ago  
Carter held a meeting in the village of  
Waterville and on his way home  
in the evening was seized by unknown  
persons and treated to a liberal coat of  
tar and feathers.

## Her Bonds All Right.

MUSKOGEE, Dec. 25.—When Muske-  
gon's annual budget was being pre-  
pared it was determined to raise, by  
tax, some \$33,000 for sewer, water,  
bridge and park improvements in addi-  
tion to the regular amount by tax.  
Harrison & Co., of Chicago, offered to  
take the bonds, paying 5 per cent, as  
par, but their brokers had doubts as to  
the legality of the issue by the council  
unless authorized by a special vote of  
the electors. A test case went to the  
supreme court and yesterday a man-  
damus was granted compelling the  
mayor and recorder to sign the bonds  
as directed by the council. These offi-  
cers had refused for the sake of test-  
ing the legality of the issue.

## Fears Steel Boats.

RAY CITY, Dec. 25.—J. W. McGraw  
of the city, a millionaire and one of  
the wealthiest young business men in  
the valley, purchased of James Davison  
a large steamship now in course of  
construction at the latter's yard, West  
Hay City. The new boat will be 330  
feet over all, 45 beam, 26 moulded  
depth, with capacity of carrying 110,  
000 bushels of wheat. McGraw is con-  
sidered a prominent man as a vessel owner.  
He is largely interested in the City of  
Paris and the City of Venice, and con-  
templates investing the remainder of  
his property in lake craft. He be-  
lieves wooden boats best adapted to  
lake navigation and invests accord-  
ingly.

## Can't Tell What Struck Him.

CHEBOYAN, Dec. 25.—John McPhee,  
a woodman, was found near the rail-  
road track lying motionless uncon-  
scious, with his skull cracked, arms out  
and feet frozen. He was partially re-  
conscious, but says he remembers  
nothing of how it happened. The  
doctors say he will recover, as far as  
the wounds are concerned, and as he  
gets better will remember the cause.  
Previous to the time he became uncon-  
scious, but his feet and legs are badly  
frozen, and he may lose both feet.  
Nothing is known of the man or his  
friends.

## Guard at Death.

CARLEAC, Dec. 25.—Mrs. William  
Simonds had a very narrow escape  
from cremation. She was confined to  
bed by illness at the time, and a tramp  
in the room across way became upset.  
She threw the lamp out of the room,  
but it continued to burn and set fire to  
the house. The flames came so near  
Mrs. Simonds as to burn her hair, but  
she was rescued before any further in-  
jury was done. The house was de-  
stroyed.

## Mineral Ranges Road Set.

MARQUETTE, Dec. 25.—The rumor  
that the Duluth, South Shore & Atlan-  
tic railway had obtained control of the  
Mineral Range railroad in the copper  
country was today confirmed by Gen-  
eral Manager Egan of the South Shore  
line. Mr. Egan stated that the South  
Shore people in New York had pur-  
chased a large majority of the Mineral  
Range railroad stock, thereby securing  
control.

## His Head Crushed Flat.

PORTLAND, Dec. 25.—Peter Roy was  
struck by a falling tree while cutting  
timber and instantly killed. His head  
was crushed flat. Roy was single.

## Ground to Pieces.

RAY CITY, Dec. 25.—William Spend-  
low, a locomotive engineer who has  
been working on the Michigan Central,

was run over at Salisbury by an incom-  
ing Detroit express last night and  
ground to pieces. An inquest on Tues-  
day will decide if he threw himself in  
front of the train. The deceased had  
a wife and two children.

## Fire at a Funeral.

WEST BAY CITY, Dec. 25.—Fire broke  
out in St. Mary's Catholic church  
while the funeral service for Mrs. J. A.  
McKendry was in progress. A panic  
ensued, but the church was cleared  
without anyone being injured. The  
building was damaged \$200.

## Baby Found Dead.

MR. CLEMENS, Dec. 25.—The 8-  
month-old child of Michael Farrell, a  
rubber at the Modera bath house, was  
found by the parents dead when they  
awoke this morning. The immediate  
cause of death was probably croup.

## By the Paris Green Route.

NEWAYGO, Dec. 25.—L. M. Hill died  
this morning from the effects of Paris  
green. He took Thursday with suicidal  
intent. His motive is not known. Hill  
was prominent in Maccabean circles and  
was generally esteemed.

## Episcopal Church Burned.

LUBEC, Dec. 25.—The Episcopal  
church was damaged by fire to the  
extent of \$500. Covered by insur-  
ance.

## LOVE THAT LOITERS.

They will bring their hoarded treasures  
When our eyes are dead to love;  
When the grasses were above  
And beneath their present blindness.

When we cannot meet regret  
They will waste their shallow tears,  
As if each could pay arrears  
Or discharge the living debt.

They must know we shall not crave  
Sunshine in your grim retreat;  
Gifts of life, however sweet,  
Yet they keep them for the grave.

Though the grave has but despair,  
And but hollow echoes wait  
All who knock at that walled gate,  
Still they pour their treasure there.

Let the sunny shafts appear;  
We shall never read the lie;  
Grief appears the marble high,  
But remorse can rear it higher.

They will come when we are dead,  
When to love our lips are dumb;  
Then our lagging friends will come  
And strew flowers overhead.

—Mrs. N. B. Morange in New York Advertiser.

## AMADO.

I had not seen Sawyer—"Cal," as we  
called him—since we parted at Harvard  
upon commencement day, when, full of  
fervor and the class punch of '81, we  
swore to keep one another in sight.  
Cal went home and into leather, and  
I to a desk in Wall street. Now, five  
years later, I had almost run over my  
old college mate in my nightly mad rush  
for the L. I seized him by the arm and  
bore him along, postponing apologies  
until I had him packed into my little  
up town flat and introduced to my wife,  
who was the dearest woman on earth to  
me still, and who I knew could comfort  
and console the tall Californian as I  
could not, for I had already discovered  
that Sawyer had come east in pursuit of  
the elusive Weibliche.

When dinner was over my wife slipped  
away to see if the baby was really sleep-  
ing as only such "bald headed tyrants"  
can, leaving us unnecessary and irre-  
sponsible men smoking and reminiscenc-  
ing in my den of 5 by 9.

Suddenly a blow on the door startled  
Sawyer almost out of his chair.  
"His majesty wishes to come in," I  
said, rising and opening the door.

"What a magnificent brute!" exclaim-  
ed Sawyer.

"Not 'brute,' if you please, Cal," but  
my friend, Amado, kindly shake hands  
with my old friend, here and then com-  
pose yourself. You know your wife  
rather persuasive in a room of this size."

My mastiff gravely did as he was bid  
and then settled himself at my side with  
a third that made the things shake on  
the table.

"That's about the only uncivilized  
thing about him," I said, laughing. "He  
still remembers that his wild ancestors  
had to make their bed in the wilderness  
and crushed the tangle of vine and root  
under them."

Sawyer, who was quite as much of an  
animal lover as myself, knelt down be-  
side the dog, fairly running over his  
points of beauty and of breeding—his  
coat of delicate fawn, silvery on flank  
and shoulder; his breadth of chest and  
strength of loin, the velvet blackness of  
his muzzle, the whiteness of his teeth,  
the clear brown of his eyes, the pure,  
rich scarlet of his tongue, the black  
markings of the mouth and the sinewy  
power of his straight, wide paws.

"Where did you find such a magnifi-  
cent dog, my envious fellow?" asked  
Sawyer as he seated himself and re-  
lighted his cigar.

"Dear old chum! He is getting pas-  
sionate and ruminative. I've owned him now  
three years, and I've never regretted  
the small fortune I had to pay to get  
him from the former owner—a person  
wholly unworthy to possess even a pig.  
But it is for better reasons than points  
or pedigree that he is beloved next to  
the boy, and even the boy can't part  
with him out of joint. He was the den-  
tist's machine that gave me my wife."

"Ah! That sounds interesting," said  
Sawyer. "Tell me the whole story. I've  
confided to you my plight, and you won't  
find a better listener."

I had never before felt the least in-  
clination to babble of my own affairs,  
past or present, but if I could somehow  
distract the mind of this old classmate  
that was plaidy my duty. "Very well,  
then, here goes for it. You will find it  
as mild as a homoeopathic pellet, but it  
was interesting enough to me." I said  
this with well affected indifference, but  
was really eager to begin.

"Margaret—my wife—and I had  
grown up together in a little town in  
southern Ohio. You know the kind per-  
centage—everything pastoral and religious,

all church and no chaplains—where  
the boys and girls were allowed the ut-  
most liberty, a liberty, it must be ad-  
mitted, they did not abuse, but used and  
enjoyed with a sort of sturdy sanity and  
self respect impossible in this sophisti-  
cated, crowded life of conventionalities.  
We—she and I—lived side by side and  
held long and confidential conversations  
over the stiff, green wire fence that sepa-  
rated our grape arbor from her bed of  
tea roses. I saved the last sweet, frosty  
bunch for her, and at the first chill hint  
of winter helped her cover her roses  
with straw, making their tall stalks in-  
to queer, angular scarecrows for Jack  
Frost's terrifying.

"My mother was a New Englander,  
and the thirst for knowledge of books  
and men that smoldered in her breast  
flamed into power for her only son, and  
so I was sent to Harvard. While still a  
freshman I came to regard my native  
town as the vanishing point in the per-  
spective of an inquiry past. With  
what a lofty smile should have received  
the hint that the dark eyed little girl  
whom I had left to tie her roses alone  
might one day amply avenge all my  
slights!

"I concealed my boyish delight in life  
under the most pronounced and classic  
'indifferentism,' and I wonder even now  
how ever my mother could put up with  
me. My old friends laughed at my airs  
and my reformed accent, secretly dislik-  
ing and envying me. I naturally found  
it much pleasanter to spend my vaca-  
tions in the soothing atmosphere of be-  
lings like myself, after a brief visit to my  
mother.

"During these occasions I saw Mar-  
garet only once or twice, and always  
carried away the disturbing impression  
that she was in no way impressed either  
by my superior manners or talents. This  
was slightly annoying, as she was far  
and away prettier than any girl of my  
acquaintance, east or west. To be sure,  
I had made her blush—such an exquisite  
red—but it was with vexation. Upon  
my first departure we had written one  
another quite regularly, but about the  
middle of my first year I received a let-  
ter from her, in which she professed  
humbly to believe that her western ways  
were but a burden to such an exalted  
being as I had become—and wrote no  
more. Her letters were so fresh and in-  
dividual that I missed them, but I was  
famous enough to accept her silence as a  
simple hearted tribute to my worth. I  
say, Sawyer, when a man is a fool how  
many different ways he finds to show it!"

"Or when he is in love?" added Saw-  
yer ruefully.

"That stage was to come soon  
enough. Along the last months of the  
year I had caught 'winged words' here  
and there regarding some not impos-  
sible she, spending a year in Boston,  
who had become a creator of contention  
between various givers of college  
'spreads.' You were in '80 and of  
course not interested. Would this she  
accept one or all of the invitations show-  
ered upon her? Would she like Van  
Rensselaer's rooms best, filled as they  
were with old colonial furniture and  
silver, or would she prefer to linger at  
Tarry's, in a purely Bohemian atmos-  
phere, with boxing gloves and bunnings?

"The affair promised to be interesting,  
and I was bent upon being a witness  
possibly myself not wholly unnoticed.  
It was therefore with a very bad grace  
that I read in a letter from my mother  
that Margaret Burton was in Boston,  
and asking me to see that she was suit-  
ably initiated into the precociousness  
of things Harvardian. And yet I was  
piqued enough when in answer to my  
formal note—I had dispensed with the  
needful call—I received a closely worded  
little note saying that she had already  
accepted for 'spreads' at Weeds and  
Halvorson. I had of course supposed  
that she knew nobody, and had been by  
no means averse to act the modern  
mentor to a fair Telemachus. Of course  
you've guessed the end. Even an expert  
detective would have a clew by this.

"But I was as unsuspicious as only a  
foregone conclusion can make one, and  
when I sauntered into White's rooms at  
Halvorson and saw Margaret sur-  
rounded by 'the superlatives,' as we  
call them, smiling, gracious, witty and  
wholly at ease, I was dumfounded,  
overcome, serene. Whether it was that  
my nativity spoke for me, or as I think  
now, from pure womanly kindness, Mar-  
garet neither scorned me, as I deserved,  
nor from me, as she well knew how,  
she gave me her hand in its long yellow  
glove, made me place beside her, and then  
seemed to quite forget me.

"I've made a lengthy preamble, but  
the denouement is at hand. Suffice it  
that the next year I was her slavish  
shadow. I climbed awkwardly down  
out of the rarefied air of my superiority,  
content to be in the same world with  
her. She perhaps suspected the truth  
of one of my own epigrams—that it is  
only an unrequited love that makes a  
man good and keeps him humble. She  
was sweet and frank and charming, but  
she had no blushes to hide from me.  
There were no quarrels to make up, and  
while I got as many smiles as the rest—  
and the rest were many and ardent—I  
was never given a confidence nor made  
trembling witness of a tear.

"Wherever Margaret went I followed,  
usually on a later train, as I was always  
forbidden if I stated my intentions.  
Now comes the crisis, modestly dram-  
matic! Margaret had gone to Narragansett  
for a week. After two days I found  
the town insupportably hot, and getting  
off late arrived at the hotel about 11 o'clock.  
There was dancing in the ballroom, and as I registered  
at the desk through the wide doors I could  
see the lights and the moving figures.  
As I hesitated there, making up my  
mind, as there was no chance of a dance  
with her, to grumble crossly off to bed  
and a lover's dream, a child, almost a  
baby, dashed suddenly out of the side  
corridor and ran screaming shrilly,  
through the doors and down the aisle,  
made by the dancers, who were begin-  
ning the dances.

"Behind the child came an enormous  
mastiff, his eyes blazing, a length of red  
tongue showing between his dripping  
jaws. I do not know to this day how I  
got there, but an instant later I stood  
in the middle of the ballroom holding the  
child high in the air. Then the child  
began to pound my head and face,  
kicking violently. The dog stood by  
my side wagging his tail. A roar from  
the men and a heartless giggle from the  
women began to enlighten me. When  
the child's mother took him from me  
and began wearily to smooth down  
his tousled locks I quite understood.

"The dog was a St. Bernard, and the  
victim of this infant terrible, and I the hero of a  
—comedy. Greatly mortified and deep-  
ly disgusted, I turned to go, somebody

stepped out of the group nearest me. It  
was Margaret. She held out her hand  
to me, and in her eyes I read something  
sweeter than pity. I brought the dog,  
who was of course Amado."

At the sound of his name the mastiff  
opened one eye sleepily and beat with  
his great tail on the floor.—Dorothea  
Lummins in Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Pictures of Jay Gould.

The announcement made a year or  
two ago that Jay Gould would sit for  
his portrait in oil to the French artist,  
Benjamin Constant, created consid-  
erable surprise among Wall street men,  
who knew something of Gould's charac-  
teristics and his disinclination to have  
his features reproduced. It was only a  
few months before his death that his  
family were able to induce him to sit for  
a photograph, and the photographer he  
patronized was in the immediate neigh-  
borhood of the Grand Central depot  
and was selected because that location  
represented less loss of time than any  
other in the city. The result was very  
satisfactory, and the photographer ob-  
tained Mr. Gould's permission to put  
the photographs on sale.

Ten years ago there was no such thing  
as a photograph of Mr. Gould, at least  
as New York knew him, in existence.  
Some of his associates wanted his pic-  
ture to put upon a telegraph bond, and  
he would give them no assistance what-  
ever. In fact, he good naturedly op-  
posed the idea, and they were as good  
naturally intent on carrying it out.  
Finally a photograph of Mr. Gould was  
secured, showing him a very young man  
with a flowing tie and an old fashioned  
coat. An artist got to work on this, and  
it was fixed up in shape so that it could  
be used. There was a picture of Mr.  
Gould extant which shows him with an  
abundance of curly black hair and a  
very large quantity of black beard.  
This was contained in a flashy volume  
on New York life and New York men.  
—New York World.

## The New Lord Tennyson.

The new Lord Tennyson, named after  
the poet's beloved friend, Arthur Hal-  
lam, whose death inspired the beautiful  
poem, "In Memoriam," is not unlike his  
father in personal appearance, but does  
not at all resemble him in mental power  
or literary tastes. Of late years the  
Hon. Hallam Tennyson hardly ever left  
his father's side. Lord Tennyson could  
not bear him out of his sight, especially  
since he lost his second son, Lionel, in so  
sad and sudden manner when the latter  
was crossing the Red sea on his way  
home from India.

In all his tastes Hallam (Lord) Ten-  
nyson is a thorough English gentleman of  
the old fashioned conservative sort. De-  
voted though he is to his father's works  
—even when a child he could recite long  
passages of "In Memoriam"—he has no  
liking for any other poetry. He has a  
good business head, and made all the ar-  
rangements with Mr. Augustin Daly  
anent the production of the late Lord  
Tennyson's last play, "The Foresters."

It is announced that Hallam (Lord)  
Tennyson is going to undertake to write  
the life of his illustrious father. Those  
who know the Tennysons intimately de-  
clare that a worse choice might easily  
have been made.—New York Press.

## The English as Medicine Takers.

Statisticians have proved beyond dis-  
pute that the average of human life in  
this country at the present time is longer  
than it has ever been. Whether this be  
due to the quality of patent medicines  
which the inhabitants of Great Britain  
now swallow, as compared with their  
ancestors, is a question to which quali-  
fied medical practitioners would have  
no hesitation in giving a decided an-  
swer; but the fact remains that at this  
moment Englishmen are taking these  
government stamped nostrums in a  
manner to make the rest of the world  
wonder.

During the last year the revenue de-  
rived from the three halfpenny stamp  
placed upon patent medicines amount-  
ed to £240,000, an increase of £14,301  
over the sum paid in the previous twelve  
months. The quantity of pills, lotions,  
powders and ointments represented by  
these figures must be something enor-  
mous. Licenses for the sale of these  
compounds have also increased by 1,346  
in England and 111 in Scotland, from  
which the revenue benefits to the extent  
of £7,188. The total income derived by  
the state from the patent medicines is  
thus £247,500.—London Telegraph.

**Lily White Flour.** This popular  
brand is manu-  
factured by the Valley City Milling  
company.

See Kramer's great offer on pastel  
portraits in another column. Examine  
his samples.

Dixon's fine dinners are famous the  
city over. Try them. 45 Pearl street.

Be sure that the cut of mill is in  
every sack of LILY WHITE Flour that  
you buy.

VALLEY CITY MILLING CO.

Every Man whose watch  
has been rung out of the bow  
(ring), by a pickpocket,  
Every Man whose watch  
has been damaged by drop-  
ping out of the bow, and  
Every Man of sense who  
merely compares the old pull-  
out bow and the new

**Non-pull-out**

will exclaim: "Ought to have  
been made long ago!"

It can't be twisted off the case.  
Can only be had with Jas. Boss  
Filled and other cases stamped  
with this trade mark—

Ask your jeweler for pamphlet.

Keystone Watch Case Co.  
Philadelphia

**You Use Scratch Blox**  
We make cards of them  
FROM - ODD - CUTTINGS  
and almost  
GIVE THEM AWAY

Barlow Bros., 3-7 Pearl St., Near the Bridge



LYDIA PINKHAM:—"My son, I was just thinking how our little group  
of three generations so strongly demonstrates and illustrates my theory  
of the transmission of health from mother to child, and what can be  
more striking than the fact that my vigorous health is reproduced in your  
darling children."

The normal life, well-being, and happiness of mankind depend upon  
the physical health and perfection of Woman.  
Thousands of women in all parts of the civilized world cherish grateful  
remembrance of the Vegetable Compound, and daily bless its discoverer.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE**  
**Is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy Compound**  
for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints, that Bearing-down Feeling, Weak  
Back, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, and all  
Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb, and is invaluable to the Change of Life. Dis-  
eases and expels Tumors from the Uterus at an early stage, and checks any tendency to  
Cancerous Humor. Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion,  
and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion,  
etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex,  
the Compound has no rival.

All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or  
Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

An illustrated book, entitled "Guide to Health and Etiquette," by Lydia E. Pinkham, is of great  
value to ladies. We will present a copy to any one addressing us with two 2-cent stamps.

**MORSE'S**  
**DEPARTMENT**  
**STORE**

MONROE AND SPRING STREETS.

What is going on  
in the city today?

Common Council Meeting.  
Pastors' Conference at 3.  
Christmas Observances.  
"The Lion's Paw."—Red-  
mond's.  
Powers' Grand—Dark.

What is going on  
at Morse's today?

Grand Holiday Goods.  
House Clearing Sale.

After the ball! Yes, we've  
been having a dance—a  
lively, jolly, profitable dance  
—profitable for both us and  
our customers, and now its  
time for house clearing.

From one end to the other  
the store's filled with rem-  
nants and odds and ends  
from the big sale. Can't  
carry them over till next  
year—be out of our money  
too long—then have to sell  
them at a sacrifice as old  
goods. No! they must go  
now without regard for  
cost.

MORSE'S DEPARTM'T STORE

MONROE AND SPRING STS.



**OLD SANTA CLAUS**

IS HERE,

But it is not too late  
to buy a

**CHRISTMAS**  
**PRESENT**

**AT O'HARA'S**

**PRESENTS FOR LADIES:**

Fine Cloth Top Lace Shoes, \$2.50 to \$5.00. Fine Dongola Patent Tip  
Shoes, \$1.50 to \$4.00. Fine Slippers, 50 different styles, 75c to \$3.00.

**PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN:**

Fine Shoes, styles to suit everybody, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Fine Slippers, every  
pair a gem, 75c to \$2.00.

**PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN:**

Shoes, Slippers, Rubber Boots, Arctics, etc., etc., at

**O'HARA'S, 72 CANAL**

W. F. SHATTUCK & CO.,

30 South Division Street.

Upholstery & Furniture Repairing.

The best of work at the lowest figures.

Telephone 128 for W. F. Shattuck & Co's  
moving van.

**MEN CURED FREE**

PAID IN FULL

Don't miss this

Don't miss this

Don't miss this

Don't miss this

Don't miss this

## Leonard's!

CHRISTMAS  
PRESENTS

In every shape. Call be-  
fore buying. You will  
be surprised at the won-  
derful collection of Toys  
you will see on the 4th  
floor (take the elevator.)

This is Where  
Santa  
Claus  
Holds Forth.